

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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than two lines.

A DECIDED REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

The dominant party has won by a largely-increased majority, thus achieving a decided victory. The money question was unquestionably the prominent factor in determining the result of the election. Any fear of disturbing the business interests of the country is invariably the lever that moves the masses. Whatever may or may not be said of imperialism, it could not and as a matter of fact was not the vital point on which the election hinged. It was the pocket of the poor man as well as the interests of our business moneyed men which secured the popular vote. The unusually full vote thrown on Tuesday throughout the country shows in a marked way the fear of a disturbance in the business world in the event of the election of Bryan. That the election is well over brings relief to all concerned.

Like good loyal Americans as we are, we as a people have now only to drop into line and help on the incoming administration in all good things. We say in all "good things," for it is our privilege and duty as well, to unfavorably criticize the powers that be when ever those ruling over us shall go wrong in the administration of public affairs. It is recognized by everybody that the country has been prosperous during the past four years, and now that President McKinley is re-elected there is no reason to suppose that any other condition of things will prevail during the next four years. As we have said in previous issues of the Enterprise, we have no fear of empirical rule under McKinley, neither should we have feared in case Mr. Bryan had been elected that our moneyed institutions would have become bankrupt.

We have no sympathy with the startling headlines and the declamatory utterances of the average political campaign. We know and so does everybody else that the American government is safe in the hands of the American people. We have a goodly land, and a government the best in all the wide world. The "fathers" builded better than they knew," and so have they bequeathed to us a heritage that we are forever bound to keep in loyal, loving devotion. Substantially, we have only one party in this country, save in a heated political campaign, when the two great parties show themselves each as a sort of guardian of the other; and it is well that this is so. No one party can go far wrong without the other crying a halt.

But at this time we are not discussing politics. The election is over, and we are glad of it. Now let Republicans and Democrats alike settle down to business, and make it their earnest endeavor that prosperity in all departments of our enterprising life shall not only continue but be increased an hundred fold.

ELECTION DAY IN ARLINGTON.

Election day in Arlington opened under the most favorable conditions so far as the weather was concerned. There was not a cloud in all the sky, while the atmosphere was of that genial, hazy make-up so characteristic of the Indian summertime. The best of good nature prevailed among the nearly 800 McKinley men and the nearly 300 Bryan men. Arlington, and let it be said to her good name, makes no wordy encounter or fist fight over any differences of opinion she may entertain in politics. Although her town meeting on Tuesday was not opened with prayer, as they still open unto this day the town meetings of that home town of ours up in New Hampshire of which we have incidentally made mention in these columns, yet Arlington conducts these yearly political gatherings in a gentlemanly and christian way. We a good deal doubt the necessity if not the propriety of invoking God's blessing in a formal manner upon the average town meeting.

The vote of Arlington on Tuesday was an unusually heavy one, as will be seen by our report in this issue. Everything was conducted in the best of spirit and with the best of order. Arlington is always on her good behavior, so that her election days prove no exception.

Our congratulations go out to Representative Crosby, who for the third time was substantially elected without opposition to the position which he has filled for the past two years with so much credit to himself and to his constituency.

THE JAMES CASE.

A case which has attracted the attention of the townspeople for the past year came to a culmination at a special session held before Judge Sherman of the Superior court at East Cambridge on last Tuesday. The just outcome of the case is largely due to the efforts of Chief of Police A. S. Harriman, who, notwithstanding various obstacles at the outset, identified the perpetrator from the first.

The accused was well known in the social and religious circles of the town, and was a candidate for town auditor just previous to his arrest for embezzlement. He had for counsel Melvin O. Adams, one of the best criminal lawyers in the state of Massachusetts. In view of the various obstacles which Chief Harriman and the Wood firm have been brought against before the accused was finally sentenced, the police department is to be accorded much credit.

CHURCH EXPENSES.

Church expenses must be met, or otherwise the church doors must be closed. No one expects in these days of enlightenment that the Lord is going to put the necessary amount of money into the treasury of the church simply through prayer. The church, so far as its expenses are concerned, must be run on business principles. Although the sum to be raised to meet its yearly demands is to be raised through a voluntary subscription, yet it must somehow find its way into the church treasury. And yet, in spite of this fact, how many there are in every community of ample means who never give a penny to the support of any religious organization! Taking simply a commercial view of the matter, churches pay. Property in Arlington is very substantially enhanced by reason of our several churches. Now for a man to take advantage of this increased worth in property and still withhold his fair share of supporting that church which helps to bring about such increased valuation, is of all things the most unjust. Indeed, it is hardly less than a sort of theft. There isn't a man or woman wherever found in an intelligent community who is not morally obligated to pay his or her share for the support of some church in the locality where they reside, and this too on the ground of rendering an equivalent for value received.

That man who refuses to give for the support of some church, and this too for the reasons already named, should be spotted. But he isn't spotted, nor does his withholding financial aid from the church in any way socially ostracise him. He may steal his preaching and yet maintain a front rank in all social life, and this is the chief reason why he feels at liberty to say "no" to any request the church may make of him. We have no sympathy for that man who is not only willing but even anxious to share a good thing with his neighbor and yet is not willing to contribute towards its purchase. The truth is, and the fact might as well be confessed, men are for the most part honorable and generous in their dealings until they come to deal with our churches, and right here it is that so many show in tangible form their inborn meanness, for it is meanness, and a sneaking one too, that will cheat the church out of a penny which is its honest due.

"To pay or not to pay"—that's the question; Whether 'tis nobler in a man to take The gospel free, and let another pay the bill. Or hire a pew and help to meet the church expenses! To pay one's bills,—ay, there's the rub, to pay. When in these easy-going days a man may have A sitting free, and take the gospel too, As though he paid, and none be aught the wiser. 'To care is human, and human, too, to buy At cheapest rate. To take the gospel so! For others do the same,—a common rule! I'm wise; I'll wait, not work; I'll pray, not pay. And let the other fellows foot the bills. And so with me the gospel's free, you see!"

And besides the reasons given above, there are the religious, moral and educating influences of the church that more especially demand the financial aid of every man, woman and child. Why not call things by their right name, and so brand this everlasting meanness which so many exhibit in non-church giving in large letters which shall spell out "a sneak?" We are quite aware that we are using strong language, but please remember that it is the only language which does any sort of justice to the man who pays nothing to keep agoing the public services of the church.

And then again there are those in the church who pay for its support the least possible. We'll venture that in a majority of instances, were the facts known, it would be found that in a majority of our churches the comparatively few meet the great bulk of the yearly expenses. Why will not men and women everywhere come willingly to the front and pay their just proportion of church expenses? But as far as heard from they do this nowhere. They are not doing it today among the Protestant churches here in Arlington.

OUT WITH IT.

Why not? What is gained by keeping the mad in when you are mad all over and all through? We are not much in love with those goody men and women who are so uniformly agreeable and pleasant that we never suspect that anything goes wrong with them. That man who never runs against anything that brings him for the moment to a standstill is woefully lacking in all that persistent endeavor that accomplishes results. We always feel ill at ease in the company of those with whom today is as yesterday and the morrow will be as the present moment. There are lots of men in whom we should count it a virtue if we ever could catch them swearing mad, for in such condition we should recognize in them some signs of a vitality which would take, if need be, the "kingdom of heaven by violence." There is a kind of negative goodness in being nothing and nobody. There are any quantity of men and women who today are living upon just what they are not. The only virtue that these persons possess comes from the

fact that they have none of the so-called vices. And do not forget that they have none of those vices because there is not enough to them to be tempted.

Give us the man and woman with strong impulses, who find their way in life the biggest kind of a fight to successfully withstand the gilded forms of human temptation. That man who has a hand-to-hand encounter with evil and overcomes it is a thousand times more of a man because he has had the fight and won. We are ready to excuse him or her beset on all sides who gets occasionally worked up to a white heat, and becomes enraged all through by reason of the many obstacles in the way, and gets, as we have already said, swearing mad by reason of these ten thousand hindrances. And, further, we'll excuse and forgive him or her who shall give vent to their pent-up feelings in language the most emphatic.

May the Lord deliver us from your goody men and women, who never do wrong, and simply because they are never tempted to do anything. Whenever we find a positive sinner we at once recognize that we have found a brother.

THOSE SILENT FORCES.

Those silent forces in nature are just those forces that enter into every department of creative power as a factor allied to omnipotence itself. It isn't the earthquake and the whirlwind that bring about the most stupendous results. The law of gravitation in its quiet way keeps our entire universe of worlds in their respective circuits. It is the "still small voice" that most effectively reaches the hearts and souls of men.

The thought we have in mind comes from this quiet election day on which we are writing this editorial. How strikingly it contrasts with the noisy demonstrations of the political campaign just ended! The ballot of today, cast in so undemonstrative a way that no one hears it drop into the ballot box, is infinitely more effective than the stentorian voice and the enthusiastic gesticulations of the stump speaker. All nature in securing her higher purposes never makes any fuss about it. The trees in the opening season put on their dress of summer foliage without the least sound coming to the ear, however listening may be its attitude. The night gives way to the morning without the least disturbance of the natural order of things. And so it is true in all the material world. It is your silent force that creates and re-creates. And in no way different is it with this shower of ballots taking place today throughout our whole country, and which is to determine who is to reign over us for the next four years. We always approach the ballot box with uncovered head. To us its silent appeal has about it all the majesty and strength of those unseen forces, the expression of which is above and beyond the shout and clamor of the multitude. There is no other land in all the world where election day counts for so much as in our own country. And what is peculiarly characteristic of the day is the fact that the minority so gracefully yields to the majority. After the vote is declared we all become loyal to the verdict of the ballot box. The American people are ever loyal to the powers that be. We are by right a people distinguished for the promptness and ease with which we adjust ourselves as a people to any new condition of things in the political world. After the quiet say of election day we all go about our business singing "America."

IN NEAR NEIGHBORHOOD.

There is always companionship in near neighborhood. One rests comparatively content when he knows his friend is within immediate reach of him, although he may see that friend but at rare intervals. Whenever we are within distance that can be easily reached or overcome, then we the more readily feel the presence of those we most prize. And all this is the logical sequence of a natural law. While we believe in the relationship existing between kindred souls, still these bodies of ours must come into the reckoning. Whenever we look into the faces of our friends and hear those voices that have long been familiar to us then do we have tangible proof of their existence. Indeed, when we feel that we may do all this, then are we more easily persuaded of that vital life which is the possession of those who are near to us.

And so the thought comes to us, why wouldn't the arrangement have been the wiser and better one, had it been so planned, that members of the same family and those of kindred ties could have had their homes for all time within touch of each other. And yet we are quite aware that such an arrangement would have been unfortunate for the world at large. We who have lived during the earlier years literally in closest touch with one another need to get apart that we may make the most and best of ourselves. We need a different unit of measurement from that furnished by the home life. To get at our right size we need some one interested to take our measure. It was foreordained that there should be a going out from the home into all the world. We need to cross the blood to get the best results. However disagreeable it may be for us to leave familiar scenes, yet with a brave heart and with a determined will we are bound to emigrate that we may do the most good and

receive the most good. Presumably Cain recognized this fundamental fact in the individual life or otherwise he would not have gone to the land of Nod on the east side of Eden and gotten himself a wife. It is not in accordance with the best social economy that the boy should forever remain at home and marry the girl who lives next door. The home nest must be left, and newer fields of enterprise discovered beyond the horizon that shuts down within hand's touch of the paternal doorstep.

So, in spite of the fact that there is companionship in near neighborhood, one must betake himself to the big world, and there do a better work than he could possibly do surrounded by the friends of his earlier life, and for the reason that, removed from such, he must stand or fall by himself.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bryan takes his defeat good naturedly. It is the better way.

\$700 to elect Lincoln and \$7,000,000 to elect McKinley. Whew!

In the death of Mr. Jacob F. Hobbs Arlington loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens.

As President McKinley is again elected we shall look for a prosperous four years. He, with the upper and lower houses, ought to deal with the trusts without gloves. Will they?

The Enterprise extends congratulations to Senator Huntress and Representative Crosby on their re-election to the senate and house of representatives. Two better men never were chosen for these positions of honor, and none ever served their districts more faithfully.

We have been much interested in the first number of "Good Cheer." It is bright and sparkling, and bubbling over with wit and humor. Its editor, Nixon Waterman, is one of our town's people, having a pleasant residence at the heights.

MARRIED.

PARKHURST-HOLT.—In Arlington Heights, Nov. 2, by Rev. John G. Taylor, George B. Parkhurst and Edith May Holt, both of Bedford.

GRIFFIN-McDOUGALL.—In Arlington, Nov. 1, by Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, Edward Griffin and Mary E. McDougall, both of Arlington.

DIED.

HOBBS.—In Arlington, Nov. 2, Jacob F. Hobbs, aged 78 years.

DAVIS.—In Arlington, Nov. 3, Caroline J. Davis, aged 69 years.

BURT.—In Arlington, Nov. 5, Harriet L. Burt, aged 2 months.

SMITH.—In Arlington, Nov. 6, Louisa B. Smith, aged 80 years.

WANTED.

Protestant girl, to take children to school. Music lessons, by teacher of several years' experience, will be given in payment. References given and required. Address, Teacher, Enterprise office.

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Two tenements of 6 rooms each, 5 and 7 Grove street. Moderate price. Call at 929 Mass. avenue.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Pursuant to and in execution of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George A. Bowes to Moses P. Parker, July 7, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, libro 2481, folio 91, for breach of condition, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on Monday, November 20th, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on the land to be sold, the premises described in said mortgage deed, substantially as follows: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Lexington and Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and being lot numbered 71 and a portion of lot numbered 70 as shown on N. D. Canterbury's supplementary plan of Dexter Hillside Building Lots, recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, book of plans No. 96, plan No. 2, containing 4500 square feet, and bounded and measuring as follows, viz.: Northerly by lot 72, as shown on said plan, ninety (90) feet; easterly by lots 89 and 90, as shown on said plan, fifty (50) feet; southerly by remaining portion of said lot 70, as shown on said plan, ninety (90) feet; westerly by Sylvia street, so called, fifty (50) feet. Said land being the same recently conveyed to said Bowes by deeds of Nathan D. Canterbury, and subject to the restrictions mentioned in said deeds. Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes. \$100 at sale, balance in ten days. MOSES P. PARKER, Mortgagee. Wakefield, Mass.

November 1, 1900.

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ARLINGTON NEWS.
Hereafter, all preliminary notices of church fairs, socials, etc., to which an admission fee is asked, will only be inserted in these columns at the rate of 10 cents per line, unless an advertisement of such appears in our advertising columns.

How did election suit you?
Have you paid your bets?
J. J. Loftus has a fine display of fall and winter suitings.
Mr. D. L. Tappan is selling quantities of his Belmont spring water.
Mr. Myron Taylor has purchased Mrs. Wiggins' place on Maple street.
Holts grocery store is the place to buy your groceries and provisions.
Mr. Charles S. Jacobs is just home from his summer residence in Meredith, N. H.
Mr. Mark Sullivan has so fully recovered the use of his broken leg as to go without crutches.
Food sale at the vestry of the Universalist church this afternoon and next Saturday afternoon.
Druggist Perham had his store full Tuesday evening awaiting the election returns. He had them direct.
Loftus, the tailor, will make you a fine fall or winter suit in the latest style and guarantee a perfect fit.
The topic of the evening meeting at the Universalist church is that of Christianity and the liquor cause.
Mr. Edward Reardon has the healthiest-looking lot of violets we have ever seen, there being some 3500 plants.
Mrs. Henry Woodruff of Lawrence, was on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week a guest of Mrs. Harry W. Bullard.
Many of our people went into Boston on Tuesday evening to hear the first possible news concerning the election.
Ida F. Butler lodge initiated one and took in two by card on Monday evening; This wide-awake lodge is fast forging to the front. A collation was served.
Our friend Morrell was prompt with his cigars in paying his bet. They were good ones, and his friends thoroughly enjoyed them.
Mr. George Peirce was out on Tuesday and voted. He is feeling much better since his return from the hospital.
The schools, under Mr. Sutcliffe's superintendency, now begin their afternoon sessions at 1.30 p. m., closing at 3.30.
Mr. W. O. Menchin, our reliable wheelwright, has had a fall cleaning in front of his shop. It is an immense improvement.
Mr. Warren W. Rawson has an elegant and choice display of ephraimiums for sale at his greenhouses on Warren street.
Prof. George H. Bartlett of Pleasant street has purchased the eagle of Mr. Chapman, which he had on exhibition in the window of Tilden's drug store.
Mr. Louis E. Stickney has entered the fancy wood flooring business with an office in the Tremont building Boston. The firm's name will be Stickney & Smith.
Tickets are out for the sixth annual concert and ball of the Arlington Police Relief association, which is to occur in the Town hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14.
A call the other day at the business place of Peirce & Winn Co., found the buzz saw going at a lively rate. The fact is, no idler is ever found hanging about 12 Mystic street.
Mr. Harry Wood has been at Windsor, Nova Scotia, during the present week on a business trip to his father's home. His brother Wilford, of Portsmouth N. H. went with him.
If you desire anything in the drug line, remember A. A. Tilden's is the place to buy it. None but registered drug clerks are employed. He keeps the finest line. Hot chocolate served.
Mr. E. Nelson Blake had his house gayly decorated Wednesday in honor of his friend, President McKinley, with red, white and blue bunting, and our national flag was everywhere in evidence.
Wetherbee Bros., the jewelers and bicycle agents, have all they can do. By judicious advertising and first-class work they are fast forging to the front. Give them your watch or clock to repair and see for yourself.
The Arlington ministers are to arrange for a watch night service for the going out of the present year and the coming in of the new year. Later on the arrangements will be perfected and made known to the public.
Mr. Joseph S. Burns of Dudley street having purchased 32 acres of land in Leominster has moved there and will make it his future home. He is going to farm it. He will be missed by his many friends here as he was well liked.
Prof. Bendix is fast gaining ground in his orchestra playing. He has many engagements now booked. His class work far exceeds that of last year, many scholars leaving their former teachers and going to him. The professor is an expert in his profession.
Mr. Walter B. Farmer has sent his horses to Alabama for the winter. Mr. Farmer will go south about January first. He will enter his horse Arlington in many races on his way to Readville, where he expects to enter some of the best classes.
Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer went to New York on Friday evening to visit her niece Miss Estes whose debut in New York was a signal success. Miss Estes has studied under the best teachers in Europe. Miss Estes returned with Mrs. Farmer and will be her guest for a few days.
Mr. John C. Waage has finished painting the beautiful residence of our distinguished author, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge on Pleasant street. The colors are Indian red with cream trimmings, and the effect is very pleasing. The work reflects credit on the painter.

For a varied assortment of weather in a few hours the New England climate will be hard to beat. Within the past 48 hours there has been rain, hail, snow, heavy thunder showers, with a changing of sultry heat to freezing cold. A person of nickel-steel could not stand it.
Post 36 was inspected on Thursday evening by Commander Charles Ellis of Medford. Delegations from Posts 66, 2, 119 and 15 were present. A collation was served. The inspection reflected great credit upon the post and members and was most enjoyable in every way.
Mr. Joshua G. Dodge, Russell street, 87 years of age cast his ballot on Tuesday bright and early, and Mr. William Smith, Acton street, 92 years old voted on Tuesday, and he has voted at every presidential election since Jackson's inauguration in 1829.
The Cutter school building is coming on at a commendable pace. The slating of the roof is completed and Electrician LeBaron has the electric wiring finished. So much light has been shut off the old building by the new structure that electric lights are to be installed.
Corps 43 held their annual inspection on Thursday afternoon in G. A. R. hall. There was a large attendance, many visiting members of other corps being present. The inspection was under the supervision of Mrs. Carrie Ryan of Roxbury, and the corps was complimented for its excellent work. A collation was served.
William B. James at a special session of the superior court on Tuesday pleaded guilty to embezzlement of \$2000 from the firm of W. T. Wood & Co. The sentence imposed by the court was imprisonment in the reformatory at Concord. Time not specified. It is stated however that upon good behavior he may be released after a year or year and a half of imprisonment.
The fire laddies of Hose 2 are a proud lot of men just now, the reason for it being their handsome wagon, which has just returned from the manufactory of Mr. Charles Gott, all newly painted and newly braked. It is indeed a handsome wagon. The body is a dark maroon, with trimmings in gold leaf. So, now, if you wish to make the men vain, just praise their apparatus.
The Commonwealth Whist club of Arlington held their first whist party Thursday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. D. R. McDonald. The following officers were elected for the coming season. Thomas A. Smith, president; Austin Hill, vice-president; William Alyward, recording secretary; L. W. Dunlap financial secretary; John F. Dacy, treasurer.
Mr. Jere Colman of Mr. Henry W. Savages office has completed the sale of the estate at 792 Mass. avenue. The property consists of a 10 room house, bath, combination heater, hardwood floors, and all modern conveniences, together with 9515 square feet of land. The assessed value of the property is \$6700. Mrs. Mary F. Holmes conveys to Mr. Warren Cutter who buys for occupancy. Terms of sale private.
Don't forget that Jacob A. Riis of New York city is to speak before the Woman's club on Thursday evening of next week in the Town hall, on the subject "The battle with the slums." Mr. Riis is a man of rare culture, and one who has done more than all others to alleviate the tenement house life in the city of New York. His fight in life has been and is with the slums of the great city. Mr. Riis will be sure to have a full house on Thursday evening.
After one month and six days without an alarm of fire, the department was called out Sunday night at 10.24 to respond to a fire in a hay-heap on the farm of Mr. D. A. Tappan. Monday evening box 18 called the department to Lake street, but the fire was in Belmont, in the barn of H. L. Frost. Tuesday forenoon box 39 called the department to a fire on the roof of Hardy's bakery. It had broken out in two places and had a good start, but before the firemen arrived the bakers had it extinguished.
We were glad to meet the Rev. Dr. W. E. Gibbs of Lawrence at the harvest supper of the Universalist church on Thursday evening. Dr. Gibbs came to Arlington, then West Cambridge, as pastor of the Universalist church in 1866, the same year that we came to the Cutter school. In those early days Dr. Gibbs was recognized as a man of superior ability, and his subsequent years in the pulpit have proven true all that was prophesied of him in the sixties. He has always filled important positions in his profession. Although we had not met for many years we recognized each other on sight.
We learn there was a play rendered at the rummage sale on Saturday evening that was not down on the program. In the first act, scene 1 there was great enthusiasm manifested on the part of the audience. Indeed the enthusiasm became a tumult, so much so that the treasurer who had taken in the money for sales made grabbed the pile in hot haste, and ran for dear life to a place of safety. There was a scampering of the other women, which was in excess of the cry for help and the break neck climbing of chairs, when a mouse makes its appearance among the fair sex. After a little the excitement died away the treasurer came back to her place behind the counter, having lost not a penny, while the other women jumping down from their respective chairs, smoothed down their gowns and went about their business as though nothing had happened.

The Rev. S. C. Bushnell has that historical calendar of Arlington nearly completed, and it is artistically done. It will be on sale at the fair of the Congregational home missionary society which occurs on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening of next week. Mr. Bushnell has put an amount of patient work on this calendar. He has simply hunted for facts concerning the history of Arlington, from its earliest date. The historical events of the town are put in succinct and attractive form, while the cuts of some of the older people, and the older buildings add much to the interest of the calendar. The entire town of Arlington as well as the Congregational church and society will be under many obligations to Mr. Bushnell for his long and unremitting labor in the further preservation of the history of Arlington.
Mr. William Clark 404 Mass. avenue is now one of the happiest of grandfathers, for a promising boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Lewis Clark, of Somerville on Monday. We called the other morning on Mr. Clark now the father of two generations when his beaming countenance told us in an unmistakable way that something had happened in his family. "It's a boy," he exclaimed, and then he proudly showed us the cradle his grandfather, Hiram Palmer, had made with his own hand and in which he Mr. Clark and his children had been rocked, and now this same cradle is to gently rock the newborn grandchild and those which follow. This cradle was built for long service, for its wood is cherry, mahogany and oak. It is evident that the Clark family way back, did not build better than they knew. We are greatly in love with the cradle. It is much more of an ornament in the home than is the piano. It is indeed the lever that moves the world. We profoundly pity that home which has no cradle in it. The Enterprise enthusiastically extends its congratulations to Mr. Clark now that he is "grandfather Clark." We know just how elated he feels.
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH NOTES.
Tomorrow will be 22d Sunday after trinity.
The Girls' Friendly society celebrated its anniversary on Wednesday last. An elegant and bounteous supper was served. The report of the work of St. Perpetua chapter for the year was read by the secretary. Mrs. Wheeler, president and Miss Helen Arms, secretary were unanimously re-elected. Earnest and inspiring addresses were given by Miss Whipple, diocesan president, and the Revs. Edw. A. Rand of Watertown, and Reginald Heber Coe of Belmont. The rector bore testimony to the faithful and valuable work of the chapter, which makes it an important factor in the parish.
Young men are invited to join the Bible class, conducted by Mr. J. R. Gould, at the close of Sunday morning service. A class for young women will be begun on Sunday, at the same hour.
The Rev. James Yeames will preach in St. John's church, Academy street, tomorrow morning. Morning service at 10.30, evening service at 7.30.
An excellent debate on McKinley or Bryan, which? was held between Mr. A. Oswald Yeames and Mr. W. D. Elwell, at the meeting of St. John's Young Men's society this week. The contestants acquitted themselves ably and showed an intelligent grasp of the situations and good powers of expression.
The monthly parish social will be held in the parish house next Thursday evening. There will be music and refreshments.
A clever original drawing of one of C. D. Gibson's famous subjects, the work of Miss Lillian Arms, is on the cards in the store windows, announcing the entertainment in Town hall on Saturday, the 24th. There will be an orchestra and dancing.
Next Tuesday evening the Young Men's Society of St. John's parish have a "mock trial" on their program. John Doe is to answer to stern justice for the larceny of one chaatcleer from Richard Roe. The society meets at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evenings in the parish house on Maple street.
A large congregation was present on Sunday morning and listened with interest to the Rev. Mr. Yeames' sermon on "All Saints." The singing by the vested choir was excellent. In the evening the church was filled to hear the Rev. Dr. Cooper advocate the interest of the Little Wanderers' home. This he did very effectively. Four little inmates of the home sang sweetly. The offering amounted to \$23.
From mouth to ear, through the medium of hundreds of publications, on the dead walls of European cities, in fact all over Europe, and in scientific circles, has lately been mentioned the wondrous results of experiments made by two great German savants, which has for its attainment a product entirely vegetable and in simple form. "Longavita" tablets, so called because they are mainly the means of making one feel good bodily and mentally. These health and good humor producing tablets have the effect of rejuvenating the system, thereby attaining longevity by its great power of invigorating the whole of the body. Old and young alike are benefited by its use. See ad. in another column.
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A Few November Birds.
Though November is rather a late month to look for birds, there are still a few that stay with us all winter, and tell us in their own way that although the flowers and butterflies are no longer their companions they are contented until spring once more blows his clarion, and the earth is clothed in green and all nature is glad. The blue jay met with along woodland paths and in oak groves is heard more than seen at this time of year. To see him, it is necessary to wait near his haunts and keep watch, for, at the least, alarm, away he flies, and does not come near enough for observation—the bird seeming to have a certain dread of man. But by keeping out of sight, and giving at intervals his ordinary cry, a discontented, rasping "jay, jay," one is rewarded at length by seeing him fly into sight. His shyness does not prevent him being very inquisitive, and wanting to have a word upon everything that takes place about him. The sound "jay, jay" is used in many ways, and with such a variety of intonations that it answers for a score of expressions. Presently he flies to the ground, and, watching him closely, we see him searching for something that turns out to be an acorn. After getting his prize, he flies to the limb of a tree, where he begins to peck it with his strong beak, eating the contents until he drops the empty shell. He does not always eat the acorns or nuts he finds, but, like a miser, buries them, and it is said second forests have sprung up from the nuts he planted. The jays are quite bold during the nesting season, from April to September. The nest is made in the notch of a tree, high from the ground. The eggs are an olive-gray, spotted with brown. If squirrels come near his abode he imitates birds that he himself dreads, giving vent to the scream of a red-tail hawk in his endeavor to drive away the intruders.
The brown creeper is found among our pitch pines and other evergreen trees in search of bugs, and when seen he seems busily engaged in examining our trees. This bird begins at the base of a tree and creeps rapidly upward by starts, adhering close to the bark, and shifting from side to side. He does this often till he gets near the top, when he darts off to the base of another tree, where he repeats the same course. The bird's color is such that one often mistakes it for the bark of the tree until it becomes very much alive, and what we took for a chip of bark now turns out to be that woodland gnome, the brown creeper.
In the lonesome stillness of evergreen thickets or pine woods the call of the chickadee is a pleasant interruption. How pretty is the cheery note, chick-dee-dee-dee or day-day-day! Thoreau likens it to silver tinkling when he hears it on a frosty morning. Besides these simple notes the chickadee has a low sweet song, but it is rarely heard. As this bird flits from limb to limb he pipes his little lay, so well interpreted by Emerson:
"When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and merrily, a cheerful cry,
Chickadee! saucy note
Out of sound and merry throat,
As if it said: 'Good day, good air!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!'"
As nature grows chill, and her garlands wither, the crows become conspicuous, and as strong a feature in the landscape as a dead tree. But though picturesque, bad tales are told about these black-robed fellows so intent upon their own gains. Samuels remarks that he has seen a pair of crows visit an orchard and kill the young robins in two nests in half an hour. He calculates that two crows kill in twenty-four hours young birds that in the course of the season would have eaten a hundred thousand insects. Other scientific agriculturists now concede that the crow is the farmer's true friend, as they devour a great many insects and grubs. But whatever science may decide, the sight of a flock of crows winging their way through the heavens gives a final touch to nature's pallet; and watching their actions one can be taken back to when augury was at its height.
On cold days, when one likes to be in the house by the open fire, a walk through any field or stubble will show us a flock or two of snow buntings braving the northwind's roar to greet us. How like snowflakes these birds look as they whirl past us uttering a cheerful twit. On cold nights you would surely think these birds would freeze to death, but it is said they pass the night buried beneath the snow, and when pursued by a hawk will dive beneath the snow to escape this bird of prey.
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Brattle—6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 11.17. A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.17, 3.47, 4.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sundays, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
Arlington—6.25, 6.42, 7.00, 7.17, 7.29, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17. A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.17, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
Lake Street—6.25, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17. A. M., 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.17, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, P. M. Sunday, 9.15, A. M., 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, P. M.
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TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.
Mr. Daniel P. Jones, a cousin of Mr. Benjamin G. Jones, is a guest of the latter at his home on Lowell street.
The Ladies Aid society of the Congregational church held a business meeting yesterday afternoon in the church parlor.
The communion of the Lord's supper was dispensed at the close of the forenoon service at the Baptist church on Sunday.
Mr. Fred M. Goodwillie of Westmoreland avenue has had his land surveyed the past week to ascertain new and exact bounds.
There was a crowd around Derby's drug store Tuesday evening watching the election returns as he received them and posted them up.
Next Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock the Sunshine club will meet at the home of Miss Haskell on Claremont avenue by order of the secretary.
In the absence of Mr. Lennie W. Tay, the organist of the Baptist church, Mrs. J. W. Wanaumaker of Forest street ably presided at the organ on Sunday.
The services at the Congregational church tomorrow will be as usual, 10.30 preaching, 12.00 Sunday school, and young peoples' meeting in the evening.
The Ladies' Benevolent society connected with the Baptist church met at the residence of Mrs. T. A. Trefethen on Lowell street on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. B. F. Jones entertained some 20 friends Tuesday evening at his residence on Lowell street to receive the election returns. A collation was served, and a pleasant evening was spent.
The Hillsdale Literary union met on Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Perkins, when an address was delivered by Mr. Nixon Waterman, the well known poet and writer.

Mr. C. H. Kimball, who has purchased the lot adjoining that of the B. E. R. R.'s new car house site, has also purchased the building adjoining, and will move it on the lot. Mr. Kimball intends to build a pavilion in the spring.

Work has practically commenced in earnest on the new car house. The old house is to be moved to the farthest corner, the cellar having been dug. A shed has been erected to work in, and an old car has been brought and placed near the present car house to be used for tools, etc.

Tomorrow the services at the Baptist church, corner of Park and Westminster avenues will be as follows: Preaching at 10.45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., evening service at 7. Friday evening prayer meeting at 7.45. Rev. A. W. Lorimer pastor; residence, 144 Forest street.

A dastardly attempt was made last Saturday evening to burn Associates' hall on Park avenue. Kerosene had been poured on the building under the stairs which lead to the upper hall and a large number of papers had been also saturated with the oil. The fire was discovered in time and extinguished.

Many of your readers at the heights are wondering when that disfigurement, by common courtesy termed a bridge (?) which spans the railroad track near the depot is to be ready for vehicular and foot traffic. This structure has been so long on the way that many of us are beginning to doubt if it ever will be completed. Now that winter has set in and the evenings are so dark, the idea of walking from Park avenue to Westminster avenue by the much-worn, dilapidated and zig-zag footpath now in use is enough to make one feel nervous. The feeble, flickering lights reflected from the one or two lanterns on the way only serve to intensify the gloom. While groping our way amid mud and mire the other evening we were forcibly reminded of the adage that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

On the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew P. Dickie, the members of the Baptist church choir, with two or three friends, met at the cosy residence of the former at 1119 Mass. avenue on Thursday evening, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one. Owing to sickness and the inclemency of the weather, one or two of the members of the choir were unable to be present, and expressions of sympathy and regret were manifested by all. Many games, both new and old, were entered into and enjoyed with the greatest enthusiasm, and time seemed to be forgotten amid the laughter and good time all were having. During a resting spell, liberal refreshments were served, after which the fun was resumed and kept up with unabated ardor until nearly midnight, when all departed for home, all thanking Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, who were untiring in their efforts to provide for the pleasure and comfort of their guests, for the very happy evening they had spent.

Not a little indignation has been expressed up here within the last day or two in regard to the closing of the Locke school on Thursday. This school, of course in common with the other schools under the charge of the school board, was also closed one day last week, and the parents of the pupils are giving expression to the opinion that this closing school for a day every week or two is a little too much of a good thing. The claim is being made, and justly so, that the schools have only been open some two months since the summer vacation, and three weeks from now they will be closed for three days for the Thanksgiving holidays, and three weeks from that time they will be closed for over a week for the Christmas holidays. All this, without taking into account any day or half-day they may be closed owing to possible inclement weather which may come between. These all too-frequent holidays cannot in any be conducive to the proficiency of any pupil at the end of the month.

"Pilate's mistake" was the subject of Rev. A. W. Lorimer's talk to a large audience in the Baptist church on Sunday evening. In the course of his remarks, he said Pilate was a man of great personal magnetism, and his life had never failed to attract the interest of the whole world. There was something noble in the character and make-up of such a man as he showed himself to be when he dared stand up before that howling mob and cry: "I find no fault in him; release him and let him go." In that respect we could not but admire him; but he was woefully lacking in moral courage sufficient to enforce his convictions, and was therefore unable to withstand the angry threats and entreaties of the infuriated mob, so in the end he gave way. This was the mistake of Pilate's life, and he must have felt, after this saddest of all mistakes, much as Judas felt when he went out and hanged himself. His life must have been one of dark remorse. There were in this world, the preacher said, many men who were such moral cowards that they did not dare attend the services in the house of God in case conscience, that "still, small voice," would awake within them a sense of their duty both to the church and their fellow men. To live such a life was an awful responsibility.

EAST LEXINGTON.
Don't miss reading Mr. Fay's article, entitled "A few November birds."
Mr. Patrick Hayes, Sr., has been laid up the past two weeks with a lame back.
Mr. David Q. Bacon is giving his house on Mass. avenue a fresh coat of paint.
The Misses Cora and Gertrude Ball returned home from their visit at Hartford, Conn., last Saturday.
"The beatitudes a prophecy" was the subject of the Rev. Mr. Cochran's discourse at the Follen church on last Sunday morning.
The next funniest thing to a funny man is the man who tries to write funny without having a funny cell even in his funny bone.
Miss Gertrude Ball leaves this morning on a visit to Stonehurst, the magnificent home of John I. Monroe at Warren street, Woburn.

Mr. Peter Harrington has resigned his position with J. W. Litchfield of Somerville, and is taking a few weeks' rest after 10 years of steady work.

There will be vesper service at the Follen church tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock. Rev. Thomas Horner of Melrose is to speak, and there ought to be a large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Stewart of Lawrence passed last Sunday at the beautiful home of Mr. Edward T. Harrington on Mass. avenue. Mr. Harrington is Mrs. Stewart's uncle.

Rev. James Benton Werner, rector of the Church of Our Redeemer, Lexington, and member of the school committee, left town on last Thursday to assume new duties in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Peter Gilooly's arm is much better. He has removed the sling, and is again at his post on the store team. Mr. Gilooly has been in the employ of Mr. Rufus Holbrook at the "Brick store" for the past 20 years, and knows all about the grocery business from A to Z.

Mr. George D. Estabrook, the polite and gentlemanly janitor of the Carey Branch Public library, is never found elsewhere while the grounds round this building require his attention. His well-kept lawn is one of the pleasing sights that never fails to catch the eye of a lover of the beautiful.

The Young People's guild meeting at the Follen church on last Sunday evening was led by Chester Lawrence, assisted by Charles Johnson and George Foster, who read a very interesting paper on "Savanorola." Rev. Mr. Cochran closed the meeting with some appropriate remarks on the same subject.

Mr. John H. Wright is already giving lessons to some of the boys who are to play in the juvenile band. Mr. Wright ought to have the encouragement and support of the whole village in this movement. It will tend to develop a love for music among the children and will be the means of affording a good deal of entertainment for the older grown.

The silver loving-cup that was offered for competition by President Tyler of the Lexington Golf club was contested for by 32 members of the club, and in the finals, which were played off last Monday, Mr. Clifford W. Pierce defeated Mr. Fred Taylor of Brookline by a score of 4 up and 3 to play. Everything in the prize line that made its appearance on the Lexington links during the past year has been taken home by Clifford, who is a boy of only 16 years of age. Who in the village is not proud of him?

Miss Fannie F. Ingram, teacher of the 6th and 7th grades in the Adams school, took her children for a romp around the southern base of Mt. Independence after school was dismissed last Friday afternoon. If the school management think that children can learn nothing out of school, let them take a walk through the fields and woods with an inquisitive, observing child and see how many of his questions they can answer. Why not give the teachers and pupils a chance to study nature at her own home inside of school hours?

If you happen to be one of the fortunate residents of East Lexington who may happen in some way to receive a copy of this number of the Enterprise, be sure and read all the editorials, Mr.

Fay's article, "A few November birds," and we take it for granted that you will read this column or we would insert this item in some other part of the paper. This done, ask yourself: "Are those three features worth \$1 per year?" If you think not, read the Arlington and Arlington Heights news columns, the weekly story, and the advertisements of the many reliable firms that are scattered through its pages, and if you still think that you cannot see honest worth for your money, please send us your name—we would like a personal interview with you and find out what you want. If, however, that you decide in the affirmative, as we feel confident that you will, send your subscription price of \$1 to the Enterprise office at Arlington, or leave your name at East Lexington post office, and we will be glad to make your acquaintance.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Pero, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Harrington and Mrs. Maria Mitchell formed the committee who had charge of the whist party in aid of St. Bridget's church, held at Village hall last Thursday evening. In spite of the heavy rain, there was a large number of players at the tables, and at a little past 10 o'clock Mr. Harrington called out the winning numbers, and Mr. Pero distributed the prizes. Many were the good-natured jokes that were levelled at the winners of the booby prizes, and for the next few minutes almost everybody in the hall contributed their share to the roar of merriment. Mr. Lucius A. Austin and Mrs. Maria Mitchell won the first gentleman's and lady's prize, Mr. W. J. Harrington and Miss Maggie Reardon being the winners of the booby prizes. Refreshments were served after the distribution of prizes, and about 11 o'clock the tables were cleared off and the floor was immediately dotted with couples whirling gracefully to the dreamy measures of a waltz. Mr. Geo. Green played the violin, while Miss Maggie Reardon played an accompaniment on the piano. The party broke up at 12 o'clock.

Mr. Cornelius Donovan saw the sun shine on the 85th anniversary of his birthday last Sunday and the event was quietly commemorated by the family and intimate friends at his comfortable home on Pleasant street. Mr. Donovan felt far younger than his age while receiving the congratulations and well wishes of his friends, and he gladdened their hearts by singing them two songs, one being sung in Irish, his native language. Among the presents was a purse of considerable thickness. Dinner was served in the evening, and with numerous wishes of many happy returns the guests departed, each one of them receiving a hearty handshake from the "old man." Mr. Donovan lives with his daughter, Miss May Donovan, and enjoys exceedingly good health, and with the exception of a little falling off in his eyesight and a little deafness that he has been subject to for some time, is in full possession of all his faculties. Miss May Donovan is one of the many heroines who live and die unknown to the world, but whose noble and unselfish deeds are written with indelible ink in the recording angel's note-book. With an humble submission to duty, she resigned all that is held most dear to the hearts of young people, and has so far devoted her life to the comfort, care and support of her aged parents, and does not consider her share of the task completed until the grave receives them both. When money and war-worship will lose their hypnotizing influence over mankind and be relegated to their proper places underneath true merit, Miss Donovan will be entitled to a seat in the front row of the world's heroines.

The shot ploughed into the shoulder of the infuriated monster and impeded his progress; the second and third shots brought him down, and a more pleased party of huntsmen is seldom seen. The Boston & Maine railroad and its connections lead direct to the great game regions of Maine and New Hampshire, and the publication which is issued by the Boston & Maine passenger department, Boston, known as "Fishing and hunting," describes how and where to shoot. Send for it, the cost is but a two-cent stamp.

THAT WESTERN SKY.
Is it possible that any one could have missed that exquisitely beautiful western sky on last Sunday evening? We were up in Candia, N. H., our native town, where the atmosphere is always the clearest and the heavens the bluest, so that the conditions are always the most favorable for seeing at their best, the pictures that God is so continuously hanging in the heavens. The sun went down on Sunday evening in a blaze of resplendent glory, leaving in its illuminated pathway reflected rays of the most delicate tint and color. The fleecy clouds above the horizon caught these rays of every shade, and hastened them on to the very zenith.
The earth, too, shared in the reflected glories of the heavens, so that one could but stand entranced as he beheld that wondrous beauty of earth and sky. Our enjoyment of the scene was intensified as we beheld it with friends whose love of sentiment and poetry appreciates the beautiful wherever seen.

Huyler's Chocolate Cream AT PERHAM'S.

"Is Truth Stranger Than Fiction?"

BY JOHN LOBESKI.
(Continued from last week.)
Years passed; the gulf had widened those two hearts—had separated them never to unite. They each followed their own bent. A new world opened to him. In it he saw the pleasures of life with fairy-like scenes before him. It was like a mirage, and he knew it, but he must drown his thoughts and all the past. Could he forget? Ah, no; but he would try to, and with every past remembrance he would dive down deeper into its pleasures and pastimes.
He was considered a happy-go-lucky fellow, and his friends would say: "I wish I was like Jack. I wish I could see life on its sunny side. He has no cares to trouble him." No cares to trouble him? Ah, they do not know.
Follow me to a little hamlet in New York state. Let us pass through the centre of this thriving town. Let us go down this side street, and through this shady lane. Here we are at last. Tread softly. 'Tis the hour when all but a few late goers are in bed. See, a light burns in the upper window.
"Jack is an industrious student," his friends would remark in passing. But let us not take the friends' word for it; let us see for ourselves. With invisible forms we pass through the doors. We enter a pretty bedroom, tastefully arranged. Is this a young lady's boudoir? No; but a female hand has helped arrange it. His dear old mother lavishes a good deal of care on her son's room. We notice a good many photographs arranged along the mantle and on the dressing-case, but one is missing. The room is lit, but we see no one. Look again, look more carefully. Whose bending form is that before a chair?
Have we intruded upon a prayer? No, 'tis our Jack—our smiling, happy Jack—our Jack, who leads at all the social events, and is everywhere in demand. Are you sure it is he? Jack is a happy, smiling young man—a boy, a light-hearted boy. But the form before us is that of a man, a man of 30 or more. The hard lines about his face are drawn as if in pain, and he forces his mouth into a bitter smile. His eyes are fastened upon a picture before him, his lips move but no sound comes forth. The stern realities of life have cast their shadows o'er his face. 'Tis the face of a blighted love.
The picture before him is an old tintype—the picture of a young girl, a pretty girl, in an old-fashioned costume. She sits in the centre of a group, but he sees no one else. There is another face in that picture that resembles his—a youth both young and fair. He folds his hands, and uttering a prayer to our ever kind and watchful Father, he breathes a blessing over her, and prays for her protection. Maybe 'tis a sister that he has not seen for many years, but we smile at the thought. Maybe 'tis some dear friend of his youthful days. That suits better. Has she left this world of ours, with its pleasures and its joys, with its trials and its troubles, for a brighter land? We doubt it, else why should he breathe for her safety? Has he followed her course through life, like the satellite that follows its star, yet dares not approach it?
However, that is not for us to determine. His thoughts are guarded well. Not one of the many friends that have come to him for condolence have even guessed his secret.
"I can make a confidant of you, Jack, because I know you have never been in love, so can judge discreetly."
With a sad smile he receives their little woes into his great heart. He listens calmly while they pour out their feelings and lay each secret thought bare before him. With a far-away look in his large blue eyes, as though he could see to the end, they misjudge his looks.
Is he thinking of their petty trials, or is he comparing it with his own great grief that well nigh broke his heart?
"Jack is so sympathetic," they say: "I like to tell him of my troubles." And he, whose heart is so large that it can bear more grief, accepts them—though they pierce his own he murmurs not. He gently encourages here and admonishes there, and always, as far as he can, takes the woman's part.
"He is so kind to the gentler sex, yet he has never taken a fancy to any particular one."
"A woman could not but be happy with such a man as he."
"My daughter, look for a man like Jack Harding."
"My son, make him your model."
These and a thousand other utterances were made by those who knew him.
"Why don't you get married, old man?" his most intimate friends would ask. "There are lots of nice girls around here. There is that rich Miss Fairbanks, I am sure you would have first choice; and there is that pretty Miss Brown, why, she just adores you."
But he always smiles, a sad, sweet smile, and gives the evasive answer: "I really haven't time."
But let us return to his room. As he gazes on that picture, those youthful features, that splendid form, those soft brown eyes, he lives life over again. His thoughts go back to the home of his boyhood in a little Massachusetts village.

The hollyhock grows high in a garden small and fair. The piazza is covered with climbing roses, a veritable bower. The little home is bright and cheerful, and he gazes at the garden where he spent so many happy hours, and where he got so many backaches. He returns from work with a happy smile, for is not his world the brightest?
His mother meets him in the doorway with a pleasant smile. Her hair is not so white as it is now; he notices the difference. They sit down to the table, and soon his brother enters—a careless, light-hearted lad, the sunbeam of the home. They partake of their little supper in silence, and then they adjourn to the sitting-room, where they discuss the topics of the day. Happy days, these!
He breathes a sigh as the curtain lifts on a different scene. Does he not know this new turn? Has he not rehearsed it a thousand times? Is it not a part of his life? How many, many times has he not snatched a few hours from the land of sleep to spend them in reviewing the past? They are his bitter-sweet, the bitter morsel he takes so willingly.
He used to sing some in those days so long ago. With friends he went to a concert one night, and there he met his fate. He did not realize the change at first, it came so soft, yet strong. She, who seemed so grandly haughty to him, was the one who added bitter to his potion.
What brought these two so strangely together? It was not a case of love at first sight. It was like a smouldering fire, that burned slow but sure, destroying all before it. The damper thrown over it could not quench it, it simply burned out all other feelings, but not all memories.
Then they met again. At theatre parties, dance and picnics he would invariably seek her side, and she, not disliking a jolly companion, would encourage him. At last he broached the feelings nearest to his heart. She started like a frightened tawn.
"But, Jack, how can I? I do not know my own feelings," she said.
But he kept right on. It was the old, old story, and when he asked for his answer she only replied:
"Perhaps fate has destined you for someone else, someone better than I. I cannot encourage you, please do not think it."
Had he not thought of it either? Had he not spent much time in framing a pretty speech when he could screw up his courage? Were not all his thoughts of her, or was this but a farce?
With patience he waited for the answer which she was deliberating. The moments were like hours and the hours dragged into years. But hope, that kind and cruel spirit, led him on, and he waited.
The second meeting was with the same results, and soon it passed into a third and then a fourth.
At last, exasperated with dubious thoughts he bluntly spoke again. Then the crash came. All ties were severed, and in a calm and haughty tone she sent him out "to try his luck again."
For had she not many admirers higher in life than he? Had not professors and wealthy men bowed down before her throne? What was his love to her? He could not gratify her insatiable desires, he could not please her every whim.
Again, if she chose to remain single, had she not a voice of "rare ability?" as her teacher remarked. She might be a second Jenny Lind. Was she not stately, with a queenly form; and then had she not beauty besides!
These fancies soothed her when she thought of him, her latest conquest. 'Tis true she liked him, but "to be a common man's wife, never!"
"Well, Jack is sensible, he will get over it," she sighed; "others do."
Ah, Annie! could you see your Jack now, kneeling before your picture, you would know that he at least had not forgotten. Those cruel words which rack his breast are rehearsed over and over again. They are as fresh in his memory as though they had occurred but yesterday.
A knock is heard at the door, though the hour is late, and he jumps up with a start, though the door is locked as if he feared intrusion upon his inmost thoughts.
Quickly grasping the faded picture, discolored by tears and kisses, he presses it to his lips and calls out:
"What is it, mother?"
He knew that gentle knock, though he heard no footsteps.
"My dear boy," answers a sweet voice, "I fear you study too hard. Go to bed now, you need the rest, you are getting so pale."
"I will, mother," he replies, choking down the sob that persisted in coming up and was as persistently gulped down again. Blowing out the light, he retires.
Let us retire also; we have encroached too long on his secret thoughts; let us leave him to his dreams, and may they be pleasant ones.
(To be continued next week.)

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